

SHINING TIME STATION

"WISH I MAY, WISH I MIGHT"

BY

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FIRST DRAFT
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SCENE 1
(MAINSET)

(BECKY IS WANDERING AROUND
AIMLESSLY. SHE KICKS HER FEET. SHE
SWINGS HER ARMS. SHE LOOKS UP.
SIGHS. SLUMPS DOWN ONTO A BENCH)

BECKY:

Stacy? I'm bored.

(STACY, AT THE INFORMATION BOOTH,
IS LOOKING VERY BUSY, GOING THROUGH
PAPERS... SHE HOLDS A LARGE
RAILROAD WATCH, WHICH SHE CONTINUES
TO CONSULT AS SHE TAKES NOTES)

STACY:

I'm sorry Becky. You're
what?

BECKY:

I'm bored. There's
nothing to do around here.

STACY:

I wish I had nothing to
do. Where are Dan and
Kara?

BECKY:

Dan's at the dentist, or
something. I don't know
where Kara is.

(BECKY WANDERS OVER TO STACY,
HOPEFULLY)

BECKY:

Want to play a game or
something?

STACY:

Oh, Becky, I can't right
now. Today's one of
those days.

SCENE 1 (CONT'D)

BECKY:

One of what days?

(STACY STOPS WHAT SHE'S DOING TO
EXPLAIN)

STACY:

Well, twice a year, J.B.
King -- you know Mr.
King..

BECKY:

That old grouch who owns
the Station.

STACY:

Well, I wouldn't call him
an old grouch. He's a
very busy man, with a lot
on his mind. He's
responsible for the whole
railroad... Anyway, twice
a year he comes around to
inspect all the clocks
and watches at the
station to make sure
they're all correct and
synchronized. And today
is... one of those days.

(STACY GETS BACK TO WORK)

BECKY:

Oh.

(PAUSE)

What's sym... sin...
sympathized?

BECKY:

Syn-chronized. It
means... together... that
all our clocks and
watches tell exactly the
same time.

SCENE 1 (CONT'D)

BECKY:

Oh.

(PAUSE)

(TO HERSELF)

That's really boring...

(PAUSE)

(TO STACY)

I wish today was just
over with...

STACY:

Believe me, Becky, so do
I.

(SCHEMER ENTERS [PERHAPS WE FIRST
HEAR HIM O.C.?])

SCHEMER:

Never fear, Schemer's
here!

STACY:

(SOTO VOCE)

And speaking of things I
wish were over...

SCHEMER:

Good morning, Ladies!
Beautiful day, isn't it?
Looks like a great day
for making money, yes
indeed...

STACY:

Schemer, what time is it?

(SCHEMER LOOKS AT HIS [BARE] WRIST)

SCENE 1 (CONT'D)

SCHEMER:

Two hairs past a freckle.

(HE BREAKS UP LAUGHING)

STACY:

I'm not kidding, Schemer.
Where's your watch?

SCHEMER:

Who cares?

(SCHEMER REACHES INTO HIS POCKET,
PULLS OUT A COIN, FLIPS IT AND
CATCHES IT)

You know what they say --
"Time is money." And as
long as there's money it,
I've got the time...

(TO BECKY)

Get it? Time... money...

(STACY STOMPS OVER TO HIM ANGRY)

STACY:

Schemer, I'm not kidding!
Mr. King is on his way
over here for a watch
inspection.

(SHE RAISES HER VOICE)

Now, where's your watch?

SCHEMER:

(CRINGING)

I dunno. At home. I
must have left it at
home. Boy, I wish
everybody around here
would loosen up a
little...

(BILLY ENTERS FROM HIS OFFICE --
HAVING HEARD THE SHOUTING)

SCENE 1 (CONT'D)

BILLY:

Stacy? Is something
wrong?

STACY:

It's alright Billy...

(BILLY CONFRONTS SCHEMER)

BILLY:

Schemer -- this is watch
inspection day, as you
well know. And if this
whole Station gets a
demerit because of you...

(SCHEMER BACKS AWAY, WITH SHAM
BOWING AND SCRAPING)

SCHEMER:

Fear not, fellow
employees of the Indian
Valley Line. My watch
will be precise to the
second. To the
nanosecond. Sheesh!
Sometimes I wish I'd never
installed my world famous
arcade in this place...

(HE EXITS)

(CUT TO:)

SCENE 2
(ARCADE)

(BECKY WANDERING TO THE JUKE BOX)

BECKY:

Brother! Grown-ups can
be so crabby... I wish I
could hear a song. I
wish I had the money to
play a song...

(CUT TO:)

SCENE 3
(INT. JUKEBOX)

GRACE:

Oh, I wish we could play
her a song...

TITO:

I wish she had some
money. Then we could
play her a song.

DIDI:

Sure is a big day for
wishing around here,
isn't it?

TEX:

Know what I wish? I wish
there weren't so much
wishing!

REX:

Tex, I just wish you
could hear how dopey you
just sounded.

TEX:

I wish you'd mind your
own beeswax.

(CUT TO:)

SCENE 4
(ARCADE)

(BECKY LEANS, BORED, AGAINST THE JUKEBOX. SHE BRIGHTENS UP WHEN MR. C. APPEARS ON TOP OF IT. MR. C. WEARS COVERALLS AND RUBBER BOOTS. OVER ONE SHOULDER HE CARRIES A COIL OF ROPE -- OVER THE OTHER EH CARRIES THREE BAGS)

BECKY:

Oh, hi, Mr. Conductor. I was just wishing you'd show up. Could you feel me wishing for you?

MR. C:

Maybe. I've been feeling quite a lot of wishes, to tell you the truth -- I've just been cleaning out the town wishing well -- you'd be amazed at how many wisher were down there. Look.

(HE SETS DOWN THE BAGS. THE SMALLEST OF THEM GLOWS AND PULSES SLIGHTLY, AS IF IT CONTAINED A NEON MOUSE)

BECKY:

Will they all come true?

MR. C:

Oh, dear, no. For instance, these won't. Uh-uh. Never.

BECKY:

Why not?

MR. C:

Well, they're what we call "Wretched" wishes. They're wishes sad people sometimes make about hurting other people.

SCENE 4 (CONT'D)

BECKY:

And they don't come true?

MR. C:

Nope. You can't ever hurt people just by making wretched wishes.

BECKY:

What about the wishes in that bag -- the biggest one?

MR. C:

Those are "Perhaps" wishes. They're very common. They'll come true -- but only if the people who made them do something to make them come true.

BECKY:

And those? Oh, look, it's kind of wiggly and shiny!

MR. C:

That's because there's a Wishing Star in there. Those are the wishes that are sure to come true. Duck's wish wasn't in there, I'm afraid.

BECKY:

Duck? Oh -- you mean the funny little train engine on the Island of Sodor.

MR. C:

Of course. Duck.

SCENE 4 (CONT'D)

BECKY:

Oh, poor Duck. Is he sad
because his wish didn't
come true?

MR. C:

Well... why don't I tell
you what happened, and
see what you think?

(DISSOLVE TO:)

SCENE 5

(TTE: "ALL AT SEA")

(DISSOLVE TO:)

SCENE 6
(ARCADE)

BECKY:

It's true, isn't it?
It's more fun wishing
about some things than --
you know -- doing them,
having them happen.

MR. C:

I think so.

BECKY:

Still -- I really wish
something would happen
around here today.
Something exciting.

MR. C:

Now, Becky, be careful. Remember,
almost everything that happens in
the world stars out as a wish.

BECKY:

Can I see the Wishing
Star? Just a peek?

MR. C:

Oh, I don't think that
would be such a good idea
-- you see, a wishing
star is a shooting star.
Very hard to control.
There's no telling what
would happen if...

SCHEMER:

(OC)

Hey, kid, whatcha doin'?

(MR. C. VANISHES IN A FLASH)

(ANGLE ON:)

SCENE 6 (CONT'D)

(SCHEMER APPROACHING BECKY AT THE JUKE BOX. THE SMALLEST BAG -- THE ONE WITH THE SHOOTING STAR -- REMAINS ON TOP OF THE MACHINE)

BECKY:

Oh, hi, Schemer.
Nothing. I wasn't doing anything.

SCHEMER:

You playing the juke box?
Using the machines? No?
Well listen, kiddo, this is an arcade, not a lending library, get my drift? Use it or lose it, that's my motto... What's this?

(SCHEMER SPOTS AND PICKS UP THE LITTLE FLASHING BAG)

BECKY:

It's not mine...

SCHEMER:

No? Well, finders keepers losers weepers, huh? What's in here? Could be a nickel. Could be two nickels!

(HE OPENS IT -- A SMALL DOT OF FLASHING LIGHT FLIES OUT AND HOVERS AROUND, FLICKERING)

BECKY:

No. Schemer, please don't.

SCHEMER:

(SARCASTIC)

Oh, great. This is my lucky day. I found a bag with a firefly in it.

SCENE 6 (CONT'D)

BECKY:

Oh-oh.

STACY:

(OC)

Schemer. Have you set
your watch yet?

(ANGLE ON:)

(STACY STRIDING TO THE ARCADE AREA.
BECKY WATCHES THE STAR FLIT AROUND.
STACY AND SCHEMER PAY NO ATTENTION
TO IT)

SCHEMER:

(MOCKING HER)

Yes, I "set - my -
watch!"

(STACY CONSULTS HER WATCH)

STACY:

Good. What time do you
have?

SCHEMER:

I'll tell you what time I
don't have, Miss Jones.
I don't have time to
worry about setting my
watch. I've got a very
busy arcade to run here.

STACY:

(MOLLIFYING)

I'm Sorry, Schemer. I
know you're busy. It's
just that Mr. King will
be here any minute, and
it's important that...

(AS SCHEMER INTERRUPTS AND REPLIES,
THE STAR SWOOPS DOWN ONTO HIS HEAD
AND FOR A MOMENT LIGHTS HIS FACE)

SCENE 6 (CONT'D)

SCHEMER:

Well, that's easy for you to say. You know what I wish, Stacy? I wish that just for one day we could change places -- so you'd have some idea of how hard it is to... to...

(ABRUPTLY, THE TONE OF SCHEMER'S VOICE CHANGES TO THE PLEASANT, MODERATE MANNER OF STACY)

I'm sorry Stacy. Do you have a moment? This might be a good time to synchronize our watches...

(STACY REPLIES -- IN A MANNER REMINISCENT OF, NAY, IDENTICAL TO, SCHEMER'S)

STACY:

Oh sure. Now it's time to synchronize our watches. Well. It just so happens I have other things to do, kiddo. I'm a very busy woman. I've got a world-class arcade to run here.

(BECKY STARES, AWESTRUCK, AS STACY BEGINS USING HER SLEEVE TO POLISH STUFF IN THE ARCADE, WHILE SCHEMER WALKS AWAY TO THE TICKET BOOTH IN THE STATION)

SCHEMER:

All I ask is that you please be sure your watch is right before Mr. King gets here...

(BECKY'S HEAD SWIVELS AS IF SHE WERE WATCHING A TENNIS MATCH)]

SCENE 6 (CONT'D)

BECKY:

Stacy? Schemer? Stacy?
Schemer?

(ANGLE ON:)

SCENE 7
(MAINSET)

(MIDGE SMOOT ENTERING, STARING
AROUND, CALLING OUT)

MIDGE:

Yoo-hoo! Haloo-oo! Is
anybody here?

(SCHEMER CROSSES TO HER)

SCHEMER:

(AS STACY)

Hello, Ms. Smoot. Can I
help you?

MIDGE:

Oh, hello, Schemer. I
was looking for Stacy. I
was hoping to pick up a
new schedule.

SCHEMER:

(AS STACY)

Oh, of course. The new
schedules just came in.
They're right over here.
Let me get one for you.
You're looking very nice
today, by the way. Are
those shoes new?

MIDGE:

Well, thank you. yes,
they are...

(SCHEMER BUSTLES TO FETCH HER A
SCHEDULE)

SCHEMER:

(AS STACY)

Here you are. Planning a
trip?

SCENE 7 (CONT'D)

MIDGE:

Not exactly, but...
Schemer, where's Stacy?

(STACY COMES UP ON MIDGE FROM
BEHIND, THROWS AN ARM OVER HER
SHOULDER)

STACY:

(AS SCHEMER)

Midge, Midge, Midge.
Long time no see. Say --
how are you fixed for
nickels? you feeling
lucky? I got a couple of
new games over in the
arcade you really oughtta
try. Come on . Live a
little!

MIDGE:

(AGHAST)

Stacy?

STACY:

(AS SCHEMER)

That's my name, don't
wear it out.

SCHEMER:

(AS STACY)

Stacy, Ms. Smoot just
came in to pick up a
schedule. I don't think
she necessarily wants to
visit your arcade right
now.

SCENE 7 (CONT'D)

STACY:

(AS SCHEMER)

Okay, Schemer, it's your station. But try to lighten up, know what I mean?

(STACY HEADS BACK TO THE ARCADE)

MIDGE:

(TO SCHEMER)

What's going on around here? My goodness!

SCHEMER:

(AS STACY)

Oh, that's just Stacy! What a character. I only hope she's remembered to set her watch.

(MIDGE BEGINS INCHING TOWARD THE EXIT)

MIDGE:

Yes... of course, Schemer. I mean Stacy... I mean Schemer...

(SHE PASSES BECKY AND LOUDLY WHISPERS TO HER)

MIDGE:

There's something mighty strange happening here, young lady... and I can't wait to tell everyone in town...

BECKY:

Oh, Ms. Smoot, don't do that. Please don't...

(MIDGE WAVES AND DASHES OFF)

SCENE 7 (CONT'D)

MIDGE:

Well, ta-ta, all. I'm
off.

(CU: BECKY'S CONFUSED FACE)

SCHEMER:

(AS STACY - OC)

By for now, Midge!

STACY:

(AS SCHEMER - OC)

See ya later, alligator!

BECKY:

(THINKS)

Billy! Billy can help!

(BECKY DASHES TOWARD BILLY'S
OFFICE)

(CUT TO:)

SCENE 8
(ARCADE)

(STACY [AS SCHEMER] IS STARING
ANGRILY AT THE JUKEBOX)

STACY:

(AS SCHEMER)

Well, jukebox -- you
glorified hunk of junk
--- you gonna play my
song, or you gonna give my
my nickel back? What's
it gonna be?

(SHE WHACKS IT ONCE OR TWICE)

(CUT TO:)

SCENE 9

(INT. JUKEBOX)

(THE PLACE JUMPS AND TILTS WITH
EVERY WHACK)

DIDI:

Fasten your seatbelts,
everybody!

TITO:

Look at this. This is
no nickel. This is a
penny, man! We're not
playing for a penny!

GRACE:

Wow! Whet gives with
Stacy?

TEX:

Penny, Schmenny, I say we
play something before she
wrecks the joint.

REX:

You said it, Tex! Ah one
and ah two and ah...

(PUPPET DO SONG [TK])

(INTERCUT THROUGHOUT:)

(STACY WITH HER HAIR FULL OF MOUSSE
GIVING HERSELF THAT SCHEMER LOOK
[WE ARE IN THE MIRROR]... SCHEMER
PUTTING ON STACY'S RED HAT AND
BLAZER... STACY IN SCHEMER'S
MISMATCHED SUIT, POLISHING MACHINES
IN THE ARCADE... SCHEMER LEANING
ACROSS THE COUNTER WITH A SMILE,
HANDING US A TICKET...)

SCENE 10
(MAINSET)

(MAYOR FLOPDINGER ENTERS. FROM A SHEAF OF LOOSE PAGES OR A NOTEBOOK HE CARRIES, HE IS PRACTICING A SPEECH HE IS ABOUT TO GIVE. OPERATING BY THE RADAR OF HABIT, HE CROSSES THE WAITING ROOM AND APPROACHES THE TICKET BOOTH, WHERE SCHEMER AWAITS HIM)

MAYOR:

... and so dear friends
and chubby citizens of
Corners, no, no --
citizens and friends of
Chubby Corners -- as
Mayor of my fair city, it
gives me great
pressure... gives me
great pleasure... to come
before you today... Good
morning Stacy yes it is a
lovely day a round trip
ticket to Chubby Corners,
if you please...

(SCHEMER HANDS HIM HIS TICKET. HE TAKES IT AND TURNS AWAY, STILL CONCENTRATING ON HIS SPEECH)

Thank you, same to you.
To come before you
today. In my heart is a
half warmed fish... no,
no, half-formed wish...
that each of us...

(STACY [AS SCHEMER] STANDS IN THE MAYORS PATH. THEY NEARLY COLLIDE)

STACY:

(AS SCHEMER)

Hi, Mayor. What's new?

SCENE 10 (CONT'D)

MAYOR:

Oh, hello, Stacy. As I
was just saying to Stacy
over there...

(MAYOR DOES A TRIPLE TAKE)

Didn't I just buy...

(PAUSE)

Miss Jones! WHAT has
happened to your HAIR?

STACY:

(AS SCHEMER)

Oh, you like it, eh?
Pretty slick, I admit.
Listen, Your Honor, can I
ask you a personal
question? You got a
couple of nickels you'd
like to invest in the
arcade experience of a
lifetime?

(MAYOR LOOKS BACK AT SCHEMER, WHO
SMILE AND WAVES SWEETLY TO HIM)

MAYOR:

Well, Stacy... Schemer...
Stacy... if you'll just give me a
moment to collect my thoughts...

STACY:

(AS SCHEMER)

I'll be over here
waiting, Big Guy.

(GIVING THE MAYOR THE "THUMBS UP"
STACY RETURNS TO THE ARCADE. THE
MAYOR SHAKES HIS HEAD AND CLEANS
HIS GLASSES. HE NOW SPIES BECKY
STANDING OFF TO ONE SIDE, GESTURING
TO HIM. HE CROSSES TO HER)

SCENE 10 (CONT'D)

MAYOR:

Young lady, I'm a simple politician. I'd be most grateful if you could explain any of this to me.

BECKY:

Well, You honor, sir, it's like this. Have you ever... did you ever... wish for anything?

(ANGLE ON:)

(THE WISHING STAR ZIPPING INTO FRAME AND HOVERING OVER AND BEHIND THE MAYOR. AS HE ORATES, IT BRIEFLY LIGHTS HIS FACE. IMMEDIATELY, HE LEAVES THE GROUND, AND BEGINS TO FLOAT IN THE AIR LIKE A HOT AIR BALLOON)

MAYOR:

Wished, my child? Ah! Yes! Like all great leaders and statesmen, it has always been my wish to rise above petty concerns, to ascend on wings of principle to higher realms, higher matters... to soar, so to speak, to fly... Good grief. This is most... extraordinary!

BECKY:

(STARING UP)

Mayor? Your Honor!

(HE HANDS HER DOWN HIS TRAIN TICKET)

SCENE 10 (CONT'D)

MAYOR:

It seems I won't
requiring this train
ticket anymore, little
girl. I shall fly to
Chubby Corner! Good day
to you!

(THE MAYOR TIPS HIS HAT AND FLOATS
UP AND AWAY, DOING A SORT OF BREAST
STROKE IN THE AIR. STACY [AS
SCHEMER] AND SCHEMER [AS STACY]
RUSH TO WHERE BECKY STANDS AND GAZE
UP AT HIM.

SCHEMER:

(AS STACY)

Mayor Flopdinger? Please
be careful. Maybe you'd
better come down. I
think you might be a
little old for this, sir.

STACY:

(AS SCHEMER)

Mayor? Just an idea --
off the top of my head.
Rides. You give people
rides. Ten cents for a
tour of the station. We
split fifty fifty.
That's fair. Whattaya say?
Okay, sixty-forty.

(THE MAYOR SWOOPS DOWN LOW TO EXIT,
AS BILLY ENTERS. BILLY HAS TO
DUCK. AMAZED, BILLY SPINS AROUND
TO FOLLOW THE DISAPPEARING MAYOR,
THEN TURNS BACK TO BECKY, STACY AND
SCHEMER)

BILLY:

What was that? I could
have sworn I saw Mayor
Flopdinger...

SCENE 10 (CONT'D)

STACY:

(AS SCHEMER)

That was possibly the
greatest arcade exhibit
the world has ever seen.
Gone. Gone with the
wind...

(J.B. KING BUSTLES IN)

KING:

Morning all. Alright,
let's see those clocks
and watches.

SCHEMER:

(AS STACY)

Mr. King. It's you!

KING:

Well, of course it's me.
It's semi-annual watch
and clock inspection day,
and here I am to... well,
inspect the clocks and
watches.

BILLY:

But, Mr. King, you're
early.

KING:

I am? Well, what if I
am? Let's see those
time-pieces, staff.

SCENE 10 (CONT'D)

STACY:

(AS SCHEMER)

Mr. King? Boss? Beloved employer, sir -- don't you think that being early on an occasion which is about being exactly on time is a little -- how can I put his? Goofy? Dippy? Off the wall, sir? No offense.

KING:

Miss Jones, what's gotten into you? Why are you out of uniform?

(TO SCHEMER)

Why are you in uniform? I've a mind to fire the lot of you, on the spot!

BILLY:

Beg pardon, sir, but she -- he -- whatever -- does have a point. We weren't expecting you for another...

(HE LOOKS AT SCHEMER, WHO CONSULTS HIS WATCH)

SCHEMER:

(AS STACY)

Six minutes and twenty one seconds.

KING:

Well... I'll be back. In exactly six minutes and twenty one seconds.

SCENE 10 (CONT'D)

SCHEMER:

(AS STACY)

And eighteen seconds now,
sir.

KING:

And by all the ties on
the railroad, every watch
and clock in this station
better be working like...
like clockwork!

(KING STORMS OUT)

(ANGLE ON:)

(MR. C. APPEARS IN THE DOORWAY OF
BILLY'S WORKSHOP. BECKY SPOTS HIM,
RELIEVED. SHE GRABS BILLY BY THE
HAND)

BECKY:

Billy? Come with me,
please?

(SHE LEADS HIM AWAY)

(DISSOLVE [FROM THE STATION CLOCK TO
A RAILROAD WATCH ON BILLY'S DESK?]
TO:)

SCENE 11
(WORKSHOP)

(MR. C. STANDS ON BILLY'S DESK --
BECKY AND BILLY BEND OVER HIM,
CONSPIRATORS)

BILLY:

... so, the, the best
thing we can do -- the
only thing to do -- is
wait till we see the
Wishing Star, and then
quickly wish everything
was back the way it was.

MR. C:

Exactly. But there's one
other thing -- until
then, we all have to be
very careful about
wishing for things,
because they might come
true.

BECKY:

I never know wishing
could be so dangerous.
I'll never wish again!

BILLY:

Oh, don't say that,
Becky. This is a most
unusual situation.
Mostly, wishing is good
-- it's even important.
Everything useful of
beautiful that human
beings ever achieved
began with a wish --
don't you agree Mr.
Conductor?

MR. C:p

I do, Mr. Two Feathers.
And I couldn't have put
it better myself. Here,
Becky -- look...

(DISSOLVE TO:)

SCENE 12

(MAGIC BUBBLE MUSIC VIDEO [TK])

(DISSOLVE TO:)

SCENE 13
(WORKSHOP)

MR. C:

And now, if you'll excuse me, I'd better go on what we used to call in show biz a "star search."

(MR. C. VANISHES JUST AS MIDGE SMOOT BURSTS INTO BILLY'S OFFICE)

MIDGE:

Mr. Two Feathers, have you heard the latest? Well, far be it from me to carry tales, but his honor the mayor -- Mayor Flopdinger? Well, he was last seen floating over East Shemp. I mean, floating in the air! I can't imagine what's gotten into the man.

BILLY:

Now, Ms. Smoot, I'm sure everything will...

MIDGE:

And that's not all. I should say not. Stacy and Schemer seem to have lost their minds. Or misplaced them. Or exchanged them. It's the queerest thing! I'll just take another little look around. You wait right there. I'll be back...

(MIDGE SCUTTLES BACK OUT INTO THE STATION. BEHIND BILLY, THE SHOOTING STAR APPEARS AND HOVERS, LIGHTING UP HIS FACE)

SCENE 13 (CONT'D)

BILLY:

(TO BECKY)

Midge has a good heart,
Becky, but sometimes I
wish she'd zipper her
lip... Oh-oh!

BECKY:

Oh-oh!

(THEY BOTH REALIZE WHAT MAY HAVE
HAPPENED, AND RUSH FOR THE WAITING
ROOM)

SCENE 14
(MAINSET)

(MIDGE DOES, INDEED, HAVE WHAT APPEARS TO BE A ZIPPER OVER HER MOUTH. CURIOUSLY, SHE DOESN'T SEEM TO HAVE NOTICED, FOR SHE'S MUMBLING ON AS IF SHE COULD BE UNDERSTOOD -- POINTING UP TO SOMETHING, "TALKING" TO STACY AS BECKY AND BILLY ENTER)

MIDGE:

Mmmm. Mmmmmmm. Mm-mm.
MMMM! (etc.)

STACY:

(AS SCHEMER)

Billy. Becky. Get a
load of the new, improved
Midge Smoot.

(FROM ABOVE, WHERE MIDGE IS
POINTING, COMES THE VOICE OF THE
MAYOR. ALL STARE HEAVENWARD)

MAYOR:

(OC)

And in collusion, my
fellow citizens, ask not
what I can do for you,
ask rather what you can
do for me!

(THE MAYOR WAVES DOWN. MIDGE WAVES
BACK UP, ATTEMPTING TO COMMUNICATE)

MIDGE:

MMMM! Mmmmmmm! MM?

(SCHEMER AS STACY, CLEARLY
OVERWROUGHT, CHECKING HIS WATCH,
JOINS THEM)

SCENE 14 (CONT'D)

SCHEMER:

(AS STACY)

Only one minute and forty
seven seconds 'till Mr.
King comes back. That's
what my watch says. What
does your watch say?

BILLY:

(TO HIMSELF)

This is one of those days
when I wish I stayed in
bed.

(THE STAR SHOOT'S OUT FROM BEHIND
BILLY, LIGHTING HIS FACE.
IMMEDIATELY, HE IS IN BED. IN THE
MIDDLE OF THE STATION, SNORING
PEACEFULLY. MIDGE NEARLY FAINTS
WITH EXCITEMENT, AND DASHES OUT OF
THE STATION.

SCHEMER:

(AS STACY)

Billy? That's not a bit
funny. Billy. Wake up!

(ANGLE ON:)

(MR. C., ON THE COUNTER, JUMPING --
HOLDING OUT THE LITTLE BAG --
TRYING TO CATCH THE STAR, WHICH
TWINKLES OUT OF HIS REACH)

(ANGLE ON:)

(BECKY, SEEING THIS, RUNNING IN
THEIR DIRECTION. SHE STOPS.
GESTURES "SHHH!" TO MR. C. TIPTOES
TO THE STAR)

BECKY:

(VERY QUICKLY)

I-wish-everything-was-
back-exactly-the-way-it-
was!

SCENE 14 (CONT'D)

(THE STAR DROPS INTO THE BAG. MR. C. GIVES BECKY THE HIGH SIGN AND VANISHES. WE HEAR A CRASH-THUMP IN B.G.)

(ANGLE ON:)

(THE MAYOR SPRAWLED ON THE BED. BILLY SITTING UP. A BEAT. THE BED DISAPPEARS. BILLY AND THE MAYOR ARE STANDING SIDE BY SIDE. SCHEMER AND STACY ARE WEARING THEIR PROPER CLOTHES [AND HAIR] -- BUT SCHEMER STILL HAS STACY'S RED HAT ON. STACY, BILLY AND SCHEMER ARE ALL STARING AT THEIR WATCHES)

STACY:

... and it is now
exactly three o'clock!

(THEY ALL SET THEIR WATCHES)

(CUT TO:

(THE STATION CLOCK, READING EXACTLY
3)

KING:

(OC)

Good afternoon! It's
inspection time!

STACY/BILLY/SCHEMER:

Good afternoon, Mr. King.

(THEY ALL EXTEND THEIR WATCHES, AS KING WALKS IN FRONT OF THEM, CHECKING HIS OWN... LIKE VISITING ROYALTY INSPECTING THE GUARD)

SCENE 14 (CONT'D)

KING:

Fine... good...
excellent. Well.
Everything seems to be in
order. But then, it
always is here at Shining
Time. The pride of the
line, that's what I call
this station.

(EVERYONE BEAMS WITH HAPPINESS)

STACY/BILLY/SCHEMER:

Yes, sir. Thank you,
sir. Same to you, sir.

KING:

Well, I'll be on my way.
Nice to see you again,
Mr. Mayor. I like a
politician with his feet
on the ground!

MAYOR:

That's me, J.B. They
call me Mister Down to
Earth.

(JUST BEFORE EXITING, KING TURNS)

KING:

There's just one thing.
Schemer?

SCHEMER:

Mr. King?

KING:

That hat looks much
better on Miss Jones.

(KING EXITS. SCHEMER REACHES UP,
REMOVES THE HAT, HANDS IT TO STACY.
EQUALLY PUZZLED, SHE PUT IT ON HER
HEAD)

(ANGLE ON:)

SCENE 14 (CONT'D)

(IN B.G., THEY ALL GET BACK TO WORK -- BILLY TO HIS WORKSHOP, SCHEMER TO THE ARCADE, STACY TO HER TICKET BOOTH. IN F.G., MR. C. PREPARING TO OPEN THE LITTLE BAG WITH THE STAR IN IT)

MR. C:

You've had a busy day,
haven't you, little star?
Well, now -- off you go
-- back up into the sky
where you belong...

(THE STAR ZOOMS UP, TWINKLES, AND FLIES AWAY OUT OF FRAME. MR. C. WATCHES IT GO -- WAVES TO IT -- AND VANISHES HIMSELF)

(CUT TO)

(MIDGE SMOOT ENTERING. BECKY STANDS STARING UP, WE ASSUME, AFTER THE DISAPPEARING STAR)

MIDGE:

My stars, child. I can't
imagine for the life of
me why you children hand
around this station all
the time. Nothing ever
happens around here...

BECKY:

Well, Ms. Smoot,
sometimes a nice quiet
day is everything I could
wish for.

(MIDGE SHAKES HER HEAD. KIDS TODAY)

(FADE TO BLACK)